

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Nay, do not thinke I flatter,
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenuew haſt but thy good ſpirits
To feede and cloathe thee, why ſhould the poore be flattred?
No, let the candied tongue lick obſurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning, dooſt thou heare,
Since my deere ſoule was miſtris of her choyce,
And could of men diſtinguiſh her election
She hath ſeald thee for her ſelfe, for thou haſt beene
As one in ſuffering all that ſuffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffers and rewards
Haſt rane with equall thanks; and bleſt are thoſe
Whoſe bloud and iudgement are ſo well comedled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger
To ſound what ſtoppe ſhee pleaſe: giue me that man
That is not paſſions ſlaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart
As I do thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One ſcene of it comes neere the circumſtance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou ſeeſt that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy ſoule
Obſerue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not itſelfe vnkennill in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoul that wee haue ſeene,
And my imaginations are as ſoule
As *Vulcans* ſtithy; giue him heedfull note
For I mine eyes will riuert to his face,
And after wee will both our iudgements ioyne
In cenſure of his ſeeming.
Horat. Well my Lord,
If a ſteale ought the whiſt this play is playing
And ſcape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,
Polonius, Ophelia.*

Ham. They are coming to the play. I muſt be idle.

Prince of Denmark

Get you a place.

King. How ſeares our couſin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent yſaith.
Of the Camelions diſh, I eate the
Promiſ-cram'd, you cannot feede C

King. I haue nothing with this
Theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th Vniuerſity you

Pol. That did I my Lord, and w

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I
Brutus kild me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him
Be the Players ready?

Rof. I my Lord, they ſtay vpon

Ger. Come hether my deare *Hamlet*.

Ham. No good mother heere?

Pol. O, oh, doe you marke that

Ham. Lady ſhall I lie in your lap

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant

Ophe. I thinke nothing my Lord

Ham. That's a faire thought to

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merry my Lord

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely ligge
be merry, for looke you how cheere
father died within's two howres.

Ophe. Nay, tis twice two mont

Ham. So long, nay then let the
fute of fables; O heauens, die two n
then there's hope a great mans me
yeare, but ber Lady a muſt build C
not thingking on, with the Hobby
O, the hobby-horſe is forgot.